

# The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills. —Longfellow.

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## Law Yards.

**RICHARDSON & TIPTON,**  
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law.  
MARLINTON, W. VA.  
Prompt and careful attention given to all business placed in their hands.

**H. S. RUCKER,**  
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.  
HUNTERVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

**H. L. VAN SICKLER,**  
Attorney-at-Law.  
LEWISBURG, W. VA.  
Practices in Greenbrier and adjoining counties.

**F. RAYMOND HILL,**  
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.  
ACADEMY, W. VA.  
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Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

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Practice in Pocahontas and adjoining counties. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

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Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

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Prompt attention given to collections.

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**L. M. MCCLINTIC,**  
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Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

**W. A. BRATTON,**  
Attorney-at-Law.  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

## Physicians' Cards.

**J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office and residence opposite the Marlinton Hotel. All calls answered promptly.

**L. J. MARSHALL, M. D.**  
Physician and surgeon.  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All calls promptly answered. Office over Marlinton Drug Store.

**DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,**  
Dentist.  
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

**DR. M. STOUT,**  
DENTIST.

Has located and is ready for business in the Bank of Marlinton building, Marlinton, W. Va.

**HENRY A. SLAVEN,**  
Practical Land Surveyor.  
Meadow Dale, Virginia.

Maps and Blue Prints a specialty. Work in Pocahontas County solicited.

## 1865: AN EVENTFUL YEAR.

A Reminiscence of the Year Following the War, when Pocahontas was a Backwoods County

A young couple had to swear allegiance to the United States before being married. The big Academy at Monterey whose members are sitting almost every sphere. First view of Marlinton.

The year 1865 was eventful. It was a year of many surprises and much confusion as is ever the case in the compounding and settling of diverse elements and evolution of order from scenes of discord. In 1865 we passed out of one military rule into another; and uniformed soldiers, camps, guards, army ambulances, etc., were as common sights as during the four years previous. In 1865, a lady ere marriage, must forsooth seek out a dingy office on the city's outskirts and with right hand uplifted swear allegiance to the government of the United States, the official receiving the oath inside a railing, the lady outside like a prisoner at the bar. With a little Confederate money, or with barrels full of it as the case might be, never a single "green back" we were all poor together. But it was astonishing the "root hog, or die" spirit that blazed out everywhere. Fences to open fields sprang up as if by magic, mules jumped into the plow, grounds that had seen no crops for years save the tramping of soldiers and army wagons grew green with grass and cereals. The farmer hummed a ditty from Mother Goose's Melodies as he pursued his loved labor so long interrupted and so needful for bread and butter.

In cities during the war schools had held their own pretty well, but in the mountains and rural districts boys and girls had been grievously deprived of scholastic advantages. There was a fine opening for this kind of work in mutual benefit of teacher and taught, and in 1865 W. T. P. laid the foundation for an Academy in Monterey in Highland County. The departments ranged from the primary to the classical, and from the outset this school was large and flourishing with steady growth. Young men and maidens three and four from out of a family and little children flocked to it as doves to a window. I shall please myself to recount the familiar names of families that had representatives with us in the school room: of course as time went on others were added—I speak of the beginning. There were Campbells, Flenings, Laynes, Slavens, Jones, Stephensons, Prices, Trimbles, Hiners, Hills, Hills, Carvers, Mathenys, Birds, Shumates, Bensors, Siberts, Chews, Newlins, Kers, Silingtons, Noels, Warwicks, Pattersons, Gynnes, Bails, Sullenbargers, Harpers, Fleishers, Hendersons, Smiths, Varners and others, in fact every household in and around Monterey that had a second generation old enough or young enough for school answered to the roll call in time of peace.

Mr. P.'s school was alive and awake—it dealt with the literature of the ancient dead languages, with higher mathematics and surveying, also with the polite foreign languages of today; and we toiled mightily with the little learners at the foot of Knowledge Hill, to whom the alphabet and nine digits were problems almost incomprehensible. Yes, it was an up-to-date academy, save in one important particular—it lacked a building. We did not teach out of doors exactly, but it was next neighbor to it when the winds roared down to us from the Sounding Knob and the snows came as they only come at Monterey.

When one can not get what one wants one must take what he can get, and following this principle, we accepted for a schoolhouse the dismantled Methodist Church that had seen too much of border warfare for its own good or for reverence sake, seeing this house had been dedicated to the service of God, it verily looked as if it had been in the service of Satan. A large shell of a building, devoid of seats or furniture, window panes gone or cracked, the walls defaced and defiled by charcoal scribbles and grotesque figures; only the bell hung pathetically in the belfry as if ready to toll over the buried hopes of the Southern Confederacy. Instead it rang out

clear on the frosty mornings for school master and marm, and the various regiments of pupils under command.

Just here I would state that from this mountain school went forth a respectable number totalling their places in the world for mark and usefulness, as farmers, artisans, teachers, lawyers, doctors, dentists, ministers of the gospel. Among the maidens, many who have proved lovely wives and mothers whose sons and daughters in their turn are now clashing up as history repeats itself. At the close of the first session Revs. R. P. Kennedy and W. T. Price held a series of good meetings, preceded by a request for prayer in the daily noon-day prayer meeting in Fulton Street, New York, which resulted in important issues to many souls in the school and village. Doubtless many Christian men and women of today look back to the bare unsightly old Methodist church of Monterey, with its rough improvised benches; its lofty ceilings and wide arena so impossible to heat above the freezing point blaze and roar as the big stove might, as a pleasant place where Lord Jesus revealed Himself to their waiting souls, a mighty Saviour and a loving Friend.

Before another winter our school was housed in a better building and the third term we had a brand new Academy built. I hear that it has long since fallen to ruins and that no trace of it is left upon that high hill which our little urchin in deadly fear of his little mid ice and snow-aply described as "sort of stick."

If the present academy is in lower ground it has certainly risen higher. Having referred to the rigors of a Monterey winter, I will speak of its delights, summer and of one feature thereof most peculiar and distinctive. I have lived in climates from Texas to northern New York State and met such sweet air at no other place as in Monterey and that ever I remember day. If the isothermal lines prove the same heat there as in other places on those lines a departure occurred each evening; it was sensibly perceived, but hard to describe, to me it combined the exhilaration of the ocean's breath and the restfulness of shade trees. There is a respite for the weary and for teachers as well as scholars; the latter often, like the Arab who confounded matters, and being treated for ailments by a doctor, imagined the "backache" would certainly fall to him as he had the harder part of the physical trouble and experiment—it was difficult to persuade the Arab that the doctor should receive the pay. For a respite we turned our faces and our horse's heads toward the main Alleghenies and far beyond; deeper and deeper in the wilds and silence save the refreshing sounds of nature and her so called "mute animals" reigned around. We were beguiled by omniscient whispers of "the last chicken," etc., which we interpreted to mean the end of creation and the last of human kind; but at our final destination, then called Marlins Bottom, we seemed as far as ever from the edge of the world, and we met many fine specimens of our race who welcomed us with genuine mountain hospitality and made our stay pleasant. That first glacial and summer view of Marlinton (today) was beautiful in the extreme. The verdant valley encased by tree covered hills, the cultivated fields and meadows, and the Greenbrier quietly flowing as silver strands running thro' the middle of a rich emerald surface.

Of houses there were few. Andrew McLaughlin's (Geo. McLaughlin's now); Harper McLaughlin's (B. M. Yeager's) and the old Price homestead (Woods Price). These were all. The bridge, as now, spanned the river but with no houses large or small at either end of it. Of the many bridges destroyed during the war this one fortunately survived. I may not be generally known that Mrs. Margaret Price (W. T. P.'s mother) once saved this strong fine bridge from destruction. Perceiving a blaze at one end, she dispatched no runner, but went in person—always wise, energetic, in performance, self-reliant—and extinguished the flames that would have soon done their terrible work.

A view of Marlins Bottom in 1865, of Marlinton in 1902 forms a great contrast. Then the real ways were quiet and not greatly traveled—now the iron horse, noisy, puffing, shrieking, snorting, forces his rapid course and woe to opposers of the onward rush. Then three dwelling houses; now, how many? I will not stop to count them. Then no store, not even a blacksmith shop, though a horse could be shod if need be; if invisible, there was a veritable post office. Well, "tempora mutantur et mutatur." Good days and prosperity to the new town.

On the banks of the Greenbrier River That murmurs and ripples along Till winter unlocks his treasures of ice, When, lo! there's a change in the song; And the soft sweet water of poetic dream, Is the lumberman's Greenbrier: "An awful cold stream."

A. L. P.

## A CONGRESSMAN

Speaks on the Pure Food Question

Mr. Selvey, of Illinois says the Gentle Cow a Tribute and makes a Great Hit. We Copy his Speech from the Congressional Record.

Mr Chairman: I desire to say a few words on this great subject. I am a friend to the cow. I am a friend to the woman that milks the cow. I am a friend to the man that stands by and watches his wife as she milks the cow, for she is not his helpmeet. I love to see the woman churn the cream, and I love to see the man who milks the cow, and I love to see the butter come. I love the nice fresh butter-milk, and love to see the busy housewife wallop the butter out in her hands into shapely rolls. I love to see the butter come.

Memory goes back to the happy times when the cows came home and those other times not so happy when I had to make the cows come home. Any man who has been raised with a cow will never lose his friendship for her, nor go back upon her, nor upon her back, when adversity strikes her business.

The gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Lamb) paid the Virginia cow a beautiful and eloquent tribute, but let me say to him that the Virginia cow cannot be compared with the big fat cows of the Mississippi Valley and beyond. I am well aware that Virginia is entitled to the proud distinction of being the mother of presidents, but she was not the mother of the cow. The Mississippi Valley cow is a marvel of wonder and the pride of every home. She never goes dry. She is always kind and gentle. She has such maternal affection that she often licks the milk instead of the calf.

If I fail to vote for this bill, I feel that that I cannot go home and ever again look an honest cow in the face. The cows in my country are democratic cows. The cows give democratic milk, and this accounts for the everlasting big Democratic majority in my district. They are not yet aware that there is such a thing as a Republican party of their anatomy. Why, sir, even our hogs have not learned that their greasy hams contribute to the greedy work of building up a great anti-cow butter monopoly. If the peaceful hog knew it he would grunt in shame.

The cow in my country lives in Arcadian simplicity. She dwells among green pastures and looketh dubiously at the Republican politician as he passeth by on his mission to hoodoo the honest voter.

Frolicsome calves gallop about with their tails erect, rejoicing in the fullness of the democratic freedom that is theirs. The cow is contented and happy out in my district in her benevolent work of giving milk for young Democrats. Little does she know that the honest product of her toil is being counterfeited so successfully by cunning men that the butter eater knoweth not any more what he eateth when he buttereth his bread.

This "wholesome food product" called oleomargarine you say is such a counterfeit of genuine butter, such a delicious substitute, that the honest son of toil cannot tell whether he is eating pure butter or this fraudulent compound of hog lard, steer fat and cotton seed grease. To such perfection has swindling come at last under Republican rule and misuse. Why should you not as earnestly and eloquently advocating an honest thing for the honest workman as you are earnestly and eloquently advocating this substitute, this compound of mysterious fats for him? I tell you the honest son of toil is entitled to have the honest product of honest labor, the best and not the poorest, the genuine and not the counterfeit. We should take off our hats to these honest sons of toil, for we are here by their votes, by their kind permission. They expect us to prevent fraud, not to protect it. They expect us to give an honest vote for an honest measure. This bill is an honest measure to protect an honest industry.

Gentlemen, let us stand by the honest cow, and verily we shall have an abundance of genuine butter for our bread and milk for our babies—and the earth and the fullness thereof shall be ours. (Loud applause.)

Two typical specimens of the West Virginia wild cat enclosed in an iron bound box were received by the Adams Express Company in this city over the West Virginia Central from Travelers Rest, near Huttonsville, where the aboriginal felines were captured. They were expressed to the National Zoological Park at Washington.—Cumberland Daily News

A Rockingham lady, Mrs. Lucy Chrisman, recommends a preparation of equal parts of turpentine, laudanum and chloroform as an infallible remedy for frosted feet and hands.

## A BOON TO HUMANITY

Take the Peuter Cure, it is a safe and sure remedy for lying.—You have all experienced the effects of this insidious habit or disease. Perhaps in our youth we have indulged in a social lie or two, and then have fallen victims of the insidious habit of lying in season and out of season. We find ourselves in the grasp of the demon of untruth. Dr. Neeley the founder of the world renowned Peuter Cure is classed with the greatest benefactors of his age.—Will give you the home treatment and in twenty days the worst case can be cured. Write for particulars. Read the following:

Dr. Neeley: You have saved me from filling a liar's grave. I was the worst sort of a victim. I lied about my clothes, my horse, my business, my fishing and hunting and the simplest occurrences, and more than anything else did I lie about my war experience. For forty years I struggled to overcome the habit which seemed to be fastening itself on me with iron bands. I tried your Peuter Cure and I am now able to tell the truth more than half the time. I hope soon to be entirely well.

Yours Truly, Annias Bilbiger

Dear Dr. Neeley:

One week of the Peuter Cure has cured me of all desire to talk about my neighbors. I feel that I shall soon be well. I am not as interesting a companion as I was but I can now tell a lie or leave it alone. Just to think two weeks ago I would get nauseated if I attempted to tell the truth. Today I told truth after truth and was able to eat a hearty dinner. Send circulars to—

Yours, Saphira Trigg Boolger

## ROOSEVELT'S DECISION

President Roosevelt has tried to pour oil on the troubled waters of the Santiago fight. His decision is contained in one sentence: "It was a captain's fight."

He finds that if Schley was guilty of errors of judgment six weeks prior to the fight that they were condoned by Sampson not criticizing them until after the victory. He says that Sampson was technically commander and for that reason was entitled to the advancement and the prize money awarded him on President McKinley's recommendation.

That as far as either of them were concerned in the actual battle, neither contributed anything to victory. That each captain fought his own ship.

He says that Schley turned the Brooklyn in the wrong direction in making the famous loop, and that it was no excuse to say that it would have been more dangerous to have turned her the other way, for on the other hand it would be dangerous to the Spanish.

While Admiral Schley's friends would have liked to have seen him given unstinted praise as a participant in the greatest sea battle the world has ever seen, we can see how the president is handicapped in dealing with a contrary decision by the late President McKinley of tender memory.

He puts Schley however on exactly the same footing as Sampson, and Sampson is praised for arranging the details, and Schley for making a good fight as a sea captain on the Brooklyn.

The quarrel we had with the Court of Inquiry was censuring Schley for actions weeks before the fight, which had nothing whatever to do with the mad dash that the Spaniards made out of the harbor at Santiago.

If Schley is rich enough to bear the loss of the prize money, we think he has little to complain about, not even the treatment he has received from the somewhat hostile administration.

## Oak Grove.

Good morning, Mr. Editor: And it rained, sleeted, got cold and we had no flood. Look out for the frosts in May.

We think it is time to be getting ready to make a good wag in road to the railroad, either at Collins or Cass.

Our hustling merchants at Arboreale are getting ready for a big stock of spring goods. Look out for bargains.

The post office is going right along under the management of the new post master.

What has become of our County Superintendent? We have not seen or heard any thing of him this winter. We think it is time he was visiting our schools as the law requires, or forfeit \$3 for every school not visited.

## A TRUSTEE

We are pleased to say that our old friend, W. W. Slaton, for whom search was made through the Thorney Creek mountains has turned up alive and well visiting friends in the Greenbank district. Captain Swecker has here Saturday and said to say that the report about Uncle Billy Slaton dying one time was a mistake.

## TABLES TURNED

Lewisburg Calls to Marlinton in her Need

Local Knights of Pythias go to Lewisburg to Assist in Instituting a Lodge And Nazareth will be Despoiled No More Forever.

The tide has turned. Last Thursday a number of Knights of Pythias went down to Lewisburg to institute a lodge of Pythians in that town.

As we saw them, arrayed in purple and fine linen, busy their clothes to the station nearest Lewisburg, we were struck by the significance of the fact that here was the first case in history of Lewisburg calling on Marlinton for her needs. That she was sending to Nazareth for a Pythian Chancellor.

We remember when we sent to Lewisburg for talent for everything from instituting a chancery suit to electing a pastor.

In return the Lewisburg people bought some products of the mountain, a few bushels of chestnuts, or a ham of venison in the fall. We sent our children there to be educated and to acquire the polish of the city.

Lewisburg did our publishing, and set the fashions. Pocahontas people went to Lewisburg and wondered why the folks on the streets did not pass the time of day. They wondered what they had against them.

At this time the rank thistle nodded in the wind at Marlinton and the wild fox dug his hole unscared and the county began to develop and a town grew up. The railroad came and we congregated daily at the depot to watch for trains. Our hotel keepers grew rich from board bills paid by opulent Pennsylvanians. City men came here with gold bricks and sold a few, and we began to live in a new world.

Finally came the day when Lewisburg, feeling the need of a few Pythians to lighten the lump, sent out to an available lodge for Pythians to teach them the schedule, and it was Nazareth.

Down the vista through long generations, we see Lewisburg becoming more and more dependent on the thriving city of Marlinton, and paying back part of the tribute she has received from Nazareth. Those of us who are near will see Lewisburg people coming to Marlinton to do their shopping.

## PRISONER KILLED IN JAIL

Jail birds are supposed to be safe from violent accidents but the Charleston Gazette contains an account of the killing of an inmate of the Kanawha jail last week.

Deputy Marshall Dan Cunningham went to the jail to get some prisoners he was to take to Virginia on the early train at about 3 a. m. The Kanawha jail has a system of revolving cells, and as the cells were being turned about to get at the proper cell, D. Grass a 17 year old boy put out his head from the cell and it was caught by the revolving cage and crushed. Death resulted instantly.

Grass was serving a 60 days sentence for stealing water melons from a field one night last summer. His sentence was nearly up. The prisoner was well liked by the jailer and assistants, and his terrible death much regretted by them. His crime was considered boyish folly and not to be taken too seriously.

Those revolving cells were the cause of something like mutiny among the prisoners one day last summer. There was a tough gang in the cells and late one night all the prisoners commenced to sing and to cause the cells to rock and kept it by a regular motion until the whole structure was in a swing by reason of the vibration. There were several murderers confined in the jail and the cages seemed on the point of being rocked from their fastenings. As is well known the force exerted by a rhythmic swing can hardly be resisted by wood or iron. On some bridges built to withstand the weight of railroad trains, no dogs are allowed to cross for the trotting of that small animal will cause the whole structure to vibrate.

The jailer was at his wits end on account of the riot but was seized with an idea which proved most effective. He sent in a call to the fire department and they responded promptly and thoroughly drenched that jolly crowd of thugs and thieves and interfered so successfully that the weaving way was immediately broken up and all crept into their banks wet and uncomfortable.

We understand that the prisoners in the county jail have notified the jailer that unless they are accorded more of the comforts of home that they intend to leave.

"Well, my little man, what are you doing these days for a living? With a thoughtful pensive cast of emmy answers: "Well, Mister, I just eat."

## TRADITIONAL LEAD MINE

Near the top of Elk Mountain, on the west side, on the state road the traveller crosses a small run, known as Hickory Lick, on the lands of Captain J. C. Gay.

Somewhere on this run, so tradition says, there is a lead mine, or at least, a mineral which makes the best of bullets for rifles. It was known to the Indians and they supplied themselves with metals from this place and would come here from the Ohio river towns for lead.

Tradition says that a captive of the Indians was aided to escape by a friendly Indian who entrusted him to find the run and go up stream until he came to a place where the run divided like a turnkey track at a certain kind of a spruce tree and there he would find the mine.

According to the story this was done and the mine located. The secret was well kept and down to the Civil War it was only known to a few. The only person now living who ever dug any of the metal is probably Uncle Wesley Brown an aged colored man who once supplied himself with lead for his rifle from the place.

He says that he has never been able to discover the place since the war. The country round about had been occupied as a military camp, the timber had been cut and freshets had changed the course of the run.

A lady who recently died frequently told of her husband finding a metal at that place from which she had moulded bullets. Some years ago a traveller coming along the pike found a strange man at the place Hickory Lick Run crosses the road, and the stranger told him that he had walked through the mountains from the mouth of Ganley River prospecting for minerals. He said that something about the water in that run indicated that there was lead near it. Nothing more was said and it was not until long after, when the traveller learned of the belief that there was lead in that neighborhood. The words of the solitary prospector then returned to him with a strange significance.

## RAILROAD UP STONEY CREEK

In 1882 there was filed in the office of the county clerk in this county the survey of the Kanawha and Chesapeake railroad, extending from the Marlins' Bottom post office to the Webster county line a distance of twenty miles.

The survey starts at the west end of the Greenbrier river bridge at an elevation of 2065 feet above sea level and crosses the summit at the head of Stoney Creek at an elevation of 3165 feet. The distance is eleven miles up grade every foot of the way.

The road from Marlinton surveyed through the lands of J. H. Price, Levi Gay, Geo. Baxter, Jacob Waugh, N. S. Dufeld, John A. Warwick, Henry Barlow, G. C. Moore, Josiah Barlow, J. B. McClure and John Young. Then in doubling it again passes thro' the lands of J. B. McClure, G. C. Moore, Henry Barlow, John Young, passing through a 300 foot tunnel to Alex. Barlow's land and into John Young's land again. J. B. McClure, Cochran heirs, G. C. Moore to the summit of Stoney Creek mountain. The road winds in the neighborhood of Pine Grove school-house to overcome the grade of Stoney Creek mountain. At a point near Josiah Barlow's the road doubles back within 1800 feet of itself having made a loop of over six miles.

Some idea of the crookedness of the road bed can be gathered from those figures. The country however lends itself to the overcoming of that grade and nowhere is the grade more than 1.80 per cent and that only at one place.

From the top of the mountain west the road descends by hardly perceptible grades to the banks of Williams River and from there it follows the stream to the county line.

This was the old Black Diamond road upon which our people were counting on so confidently. It was not built and people lost all faith in railroads. In 1891, a survey was made on the same general lines and that road was killed by the panic of '92. The third time may prove the charm and bring us the railroad.

A large corps of C. and O. engineers are surveying up Stoney Creek, branching off from the Greenbrier Division just above the Marlinton Ford, crossing the River diagonally and striking the hill at Gay's Lane.

We feel it in our bones that this railroad is going to be built. All sorts of wild rumors are afloat concerning the new road, one of them being that the Gauley Lumber Company has sold their lands and that a railroad is to penetrate the gloomy forests of Williams River country this year.

The C. and O. has a large corps of engineers at work up Stoney Creek, and the C. and W. corps having finished to Marlinton are going ahead with their line up the same valley.

## AIR SHIP

To judge from the late successful feats, Santos-Dumont, son of a wealthy Brazilian coffee planter, is the one who will go farthest in subduing the upper atmosphere and navigating space. Since time immemorial balloons have been made and great ascents performed, but the aeronaut was the wonder, a kind of show man, and frequently the martyr of his own out-of-element floundering. The old style balloon is discarded. The present air ships are of quite different patterns; that of the Swiss Lillenthal, who finally fell and was killed, had the guise of some unearthly winged creature and himself seated at the base center of the contrivance wholly unprotected; thus he did make several wide flights over stretches of plains, and his hopes were high of inaugurating air navigation. And the North Pole secker, Andrius, who conceived the idea of sailing thro' the air to that Eldorado of many, the upper axis of our earth. He went forth in his balloon well equipped, seemingly, but has been heard of no more! though near relatives of his confidently look for him yet, as one ordained of God this to find the North Pole. But no mortal knoweth God's purpose, for his ways are past finding out.

Santos Dumont's airship resembles a huge pointed cylinder with ample hanging deck, piercing the air rather than accommodating itself, as Lillenthal's, to the shifting winds. And just here we can but draw the line between the old time sailing vessel, tacking and veering, and the modern steamship, which asks no odds of wind or wave, but as if under Mosca's order, simply goes forward. Santos Dumont has accomplished the prize feat in Paris of sailing around the Eiffel Tower, high up and other evolutions in short time; then and numbering each, he is preparing for a sail across a wide piece of the Mediterranean Sea to the Isle of Corsica. It is to be hoped his life and genius may be long spared and that the air like the sea may be successfully navigated some time. But God defend us from the fulfillment of Tennyson's dream of cobaltans engaged in midair, "the ensanguined dew," etc! Ere such a bloody scene is possible may universal peace and good will between all men prevail, whether it be the millennium or the extension of true Christian love through the operation of God's holy spirit.

## CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

There are four amendments to our State constitution which all voters will be called on to indorse or reject at the next general election. They are rather a sorry batch of amendments, good, bad together. There are two that are especially delectable, "the judicial amendment" and the "irreducible School Fund Amendment." The first of these should be sacred for there is nothing like it in heaven above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. It is fearfully and wonderfully made, and no mistake. The second provides for the laying aside of a round million dollars for the benefit of public schools of the state to be used—oh, so badly!—oh, no, to be used in the far distant future when most likely West Virginia will be the richest State in the Union. This last amendment reminds us of a story: A miser was on his death bed. He was worth a half million. This he left to a millionaire son. As death came on he noticed that the room was lighted by a single tallow candle. He turned to his attendant and said feebly: "Give every thing to my son. Blow out the candle; I can die in the dark."—Clarksburg News.

## COL ARNETT DEAD.

Wheeling, W. Va. Feb. 19.—Col W. W. Arnett one of most widely known lawyer in the State, more especially as a pleader of criminal law, died today. He was born in Marion County, this State, 60 years ago, and was made Colonel of his regiment, the Twentieth Virginia Cavalry, Confederate Army, recruited in and about Marion County, when he was 19 years old, hence he was probably the youngest officer of such rank. His wife, who was Miss Sallie Stephen son, of Highland County, with four sons survive. In 1896 Col. Arnett was the Democratic candidate for Congress from his district and he was a figure at State Democratic gatherings.

Col. Arnett is remembered by the older people as having campaigned through this county during the war. He made a tour of the county in 1900, making political speeches.

Holley, N. Y.—Holley has been in the grasp of a big snow storm since Sunday. The snow is over three feet deep now on a level, and the gale of the last thirty-six hours has piled snow in drifts from twelve to fifteen feet deep. Business is at a standstill, the school is closed, country roads are impassable and only the mail carriers from Sandy Creek to Clarendon succeeded in getting through. No trains have arrived since Sunday morning. The storm is the worst Holley has seen for years.